When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſed ſtroake
That my youth ſuffered: my ſtory being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of ſighes;
She ſwore I faith twas ſtrange, twas paſſing ſtrange;
Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull;
She wiſht ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſht
That Heauen had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thanked
And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I ſpake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt.
And I lou'd her that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue va'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and the reſt.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to,
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt
Men doe their broken weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake.
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,
Deſtruction lite on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle miſtreſſe:
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to reſpect you, you are Lord of all my duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband:
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State affaires;
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee: for your ſake Iewell,
I am glad at ſoule. I haue no other child,
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

Du. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe, and lay a ſentence
Which as a greeſe or ſtep may helpe theſe louers
Into your fauour.
When remedies are paſt, the griefes are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a miſcheife that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw more miſchiefe on;
What cannot be preſeru'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſomething from the thiefe,
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a booteleſſe griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile;
He beares the ſentence well that nothing beares,
But the free comfort, which from thence he heares:
But he beares both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That to pay griefe, muſt of poore patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equiuocall:
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare:
Beſeech you now, to the affaires of the ſtate.

Du. The *Turke* with moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cipres*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place, is beſt knowne to you, and tho we haue there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet opinion, a ſoueraigne miſtreſſe of effects, throwes a more ſafer voyce on you; you muſt therefore bee content to ſlubber the gloſſe of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborne and boiſterous expedition.